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# My friend Lage



Eva Lindström

Alfabeta

BILD

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# Min vän Lage

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Proof reading by Emma

## Notes:

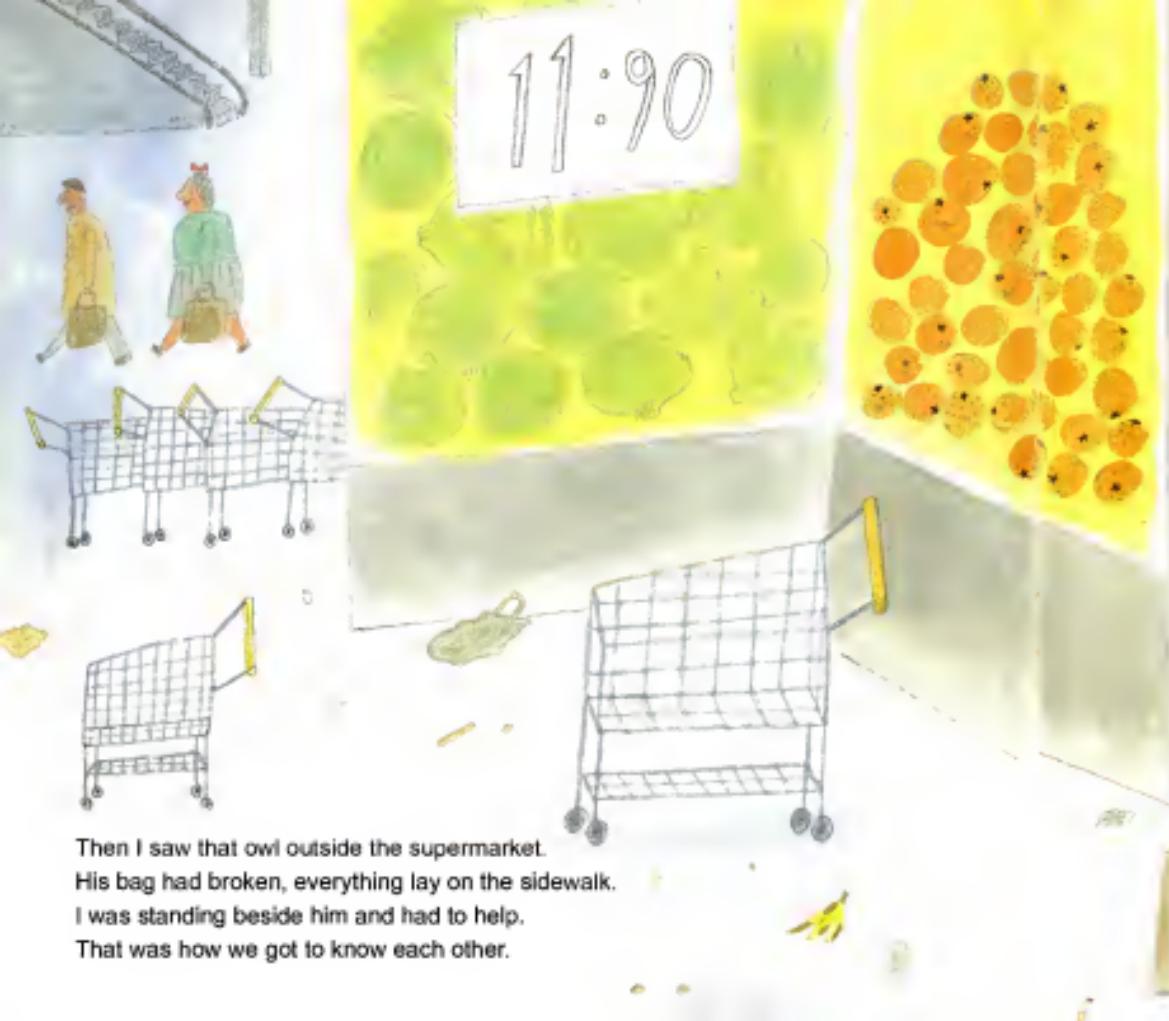
Lage and Janne is pronounced pretty much just as one would in japanese, ラゲ (with "L") and ヤンネ actually is pretty accurate compared to anything an american would try saying.

Alfabeta



I saw a nature show on the TV.  
It was pretty good. It was mostly about snakes.  
At the end they showed a short film about an owl.





Then I saw that owl outside the supermarket.  
His bag had broken, everything lay on the sidewalk.  
I was standing beside him and had to help.  
That was how we got to know each other.



His name was Lage, and he  
came from Tingsryd\*. He'd sold  
his family home and moved to the  
city. Then he had worked a while  
as owl in different nature shows.  
I told him that I'd seen him.  
It made him glad. He seemed  
shy. I have come to know that  
owls can be pretty shy.

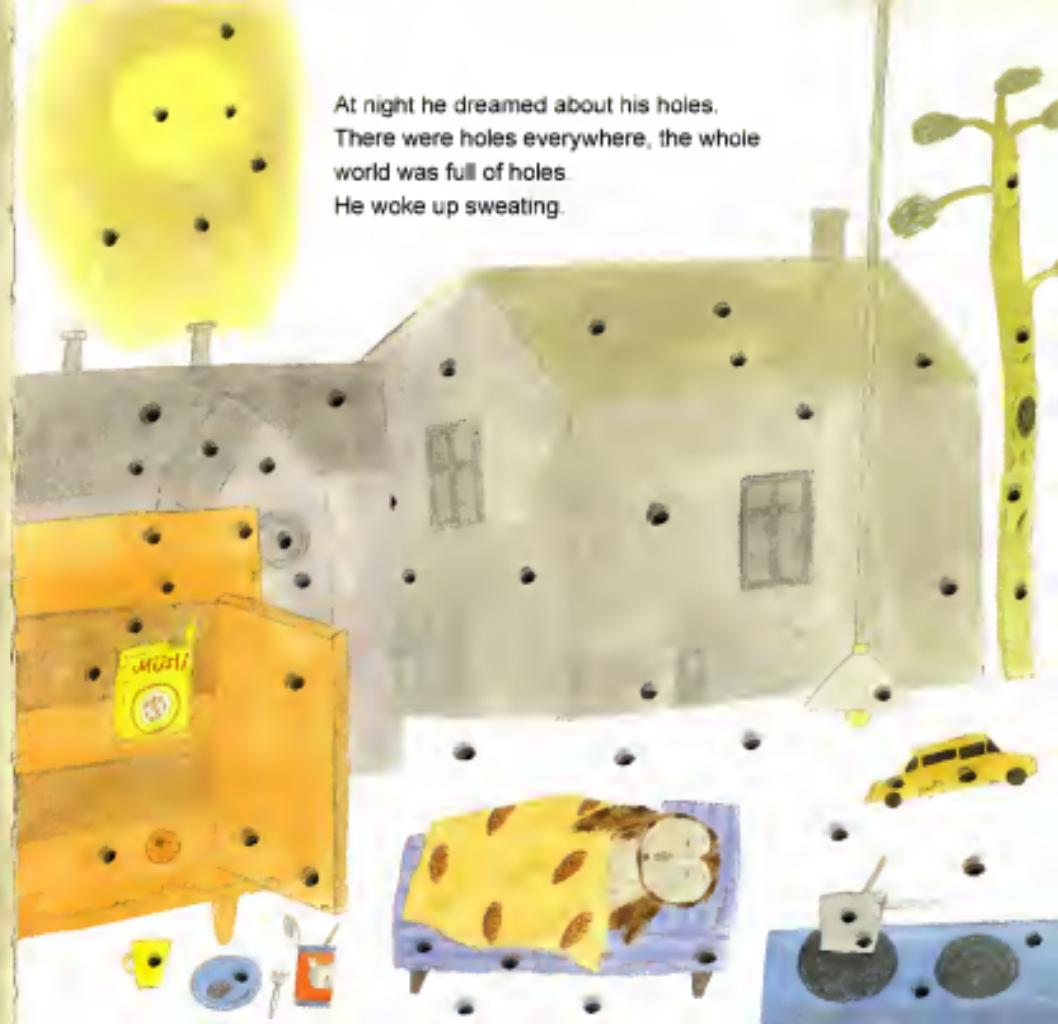


\*eqv. of a small town in Montana.

Now he had a new job.  
He drilled holes in walls in  
stores where someone later  
would put up shelves where it  
was thought that one should  
store stuff that later would be  
sold.



At night he dreamed about his holes.  
There were holes everywhere, the whole  
world was full of holes.  
He woke up sweating.





One time we were watching television together, a movie from Småland\* was playing. It was about pine needles. Suddenly Lage got to see his family home. A pine tree. A short while the whole big tree was shown on the screen. Then it turned to close ups of needles again.

He never said he was homesick. In the city there was no owls. Well, someone maybe, but not anyone he knew.

\*Sweden's equivalent to Minnesota.





An unfortunate thing happened at Lage's work. He drilled the holes too deep, a big shelf fell down and lots of ceramic vases broke.

Lage was there and tried to make everything right again, but everyone was angry at him. It ended up with him getting fired.



I thought he would get sad. But he said it was a relief not to have to drill anymore and that he had other plans. He said it was pure luck to get fired.

It couldn't be better. It suited him just fine to stop drilling now.



It became winter, I called his number many times but no one answered. I thought he could get in touch too but he never did and then it became spring.

I missed him. That's why I got happy when I saw an ad in the newspaper.

LAGE'S FLIGHT SCHOOL

THEORY AND PRACTICE

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I called, the school was just starting and I could go for free, he said. Because we were old friends



Lage claimed that it was easy to fly. He showed us with different experiments how easy it was. How air, if in right place, could lift a body and make it float.



We thought it was hard. We didn't really understand what he meant for us to do. Well, one of us got it. Her name was Siv. I recognized her, she worked at Konsum\*. Siv managed to fly many metres after only two lessons.



The flight school ended by summer. Siv flew southwards and the rest went separate ways. I said thanks and goodbye to Lage. It had been a nice course. Even if I didn't learn to fly.



I didn't see him in a long time.  
I watched all the nature shows but he  
was never on. Then I ran into him by  
the bus station. He was sitting on a  
park bench with an owl named Janne.



This Janne fellow was different type of owl. He and Janne  
made plans they didn't want to talk about. They were going  
to do a really cool thing soon. Right now they just chilled  
and ate clementines. I could hang with them if I wanted to,  
but I didn't feel like it.



One night when I couldn't sleep I saw that Janne guy again. He was walking down on the street. Slowly. Almost sluggish.

Same night, Lage landed on my balcony. He looked upset. I asked if anything in particular had happened. It was that Janne guy, he said.

They were going to open a store together, Lage said.

"Janne and Lage's Second Hand Store", the name would have been. But they had gotten into a disagreement on how to do things.

Janne wanted to sell Lage's furniture and kitchen utensils.

Lage got angry and slammed him on the wing with a pot. It ended with Janne running away, stomping in the stairwell screaming. Since then he hasn't been seen.



No one knows where Janne has gone.  
Lage and I are still friends. Now he has taken  
Siv's place on the checkout at Konsum.  
He's happy with that for now.  
Maybe there will be some work on TV later.  
He'll see. Nothing is decided.





Sometimes I practice flying. It's easier now.  
Yesterday I flew three and a half meter. On low  
height, but with a quick and gentle landing.

I saw him on a nature show on the TV.  
Then we met outside the supermarket.  
His bag was broken.  
I got to help him home with his things.  
For a while he worked with drilling holes  
but it didn't interest him so he quit.  
Lage is his name. We are friends.

